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TERRIFYING! STARTLING! SUSPENSE!

MAR. 1952

NO. 4



10¢

STRANGE

MYSTERIES



HANDS of DEATH
GHOULS Unmasked
TERROR'S Prisoner
Rat Men of Paris



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MYSTERIES



10



HANDS of DEATH
GHOULS Unmasked
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Rat Men of Paris



Lets play house

Dear to the heart of every child is a Doll's House. Little people, a rug and real movable furniture in every room in the house: Bed Room, Living Room, Dining Room and Kitchen, all ready to punch out and assemble. "Click" together without glue or pins. Plasticised for easy cleaning, all in beautiful natural colors.

LIVING ROOM: Television Set in Rich Mahogany tone. Coffee Table, Two End Tables, One Blue Club Chair, One Decorative Club Chair and matching Chesterfield - - all can be set up and moved about to any place you choose on the gorgeous carved pattern-type Broadloom Rug. And of course, there are four People for each Room: a Boy and a Girl with their Mother and Dad. And all are dressed in different clothes and colors to suit whichever room they are in.

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BEDROOM: A Dream Room, a Dresser with Bevel Mirror, Chest of Drawers, Night Table, two beautiful Chairs trimmed to match the Bedspread. The two "men" are dressed in pyjamas, while the ladies wear handsome gowns.

The backs of all the pictures of all the furniture and people are specially prepared so that you can color them.

ALL THREE OF THESE ROOMS ARE ONLY \$1.00 POSTPAID
THERE IS ALSO A KITCHEN: Rug, People, Furniture and all. A Combination Sink, Cabinet, Refrigerator, Electric Range, Washing Machine, Table stand and 2 Chairs. **PRICE 35c. extra.**

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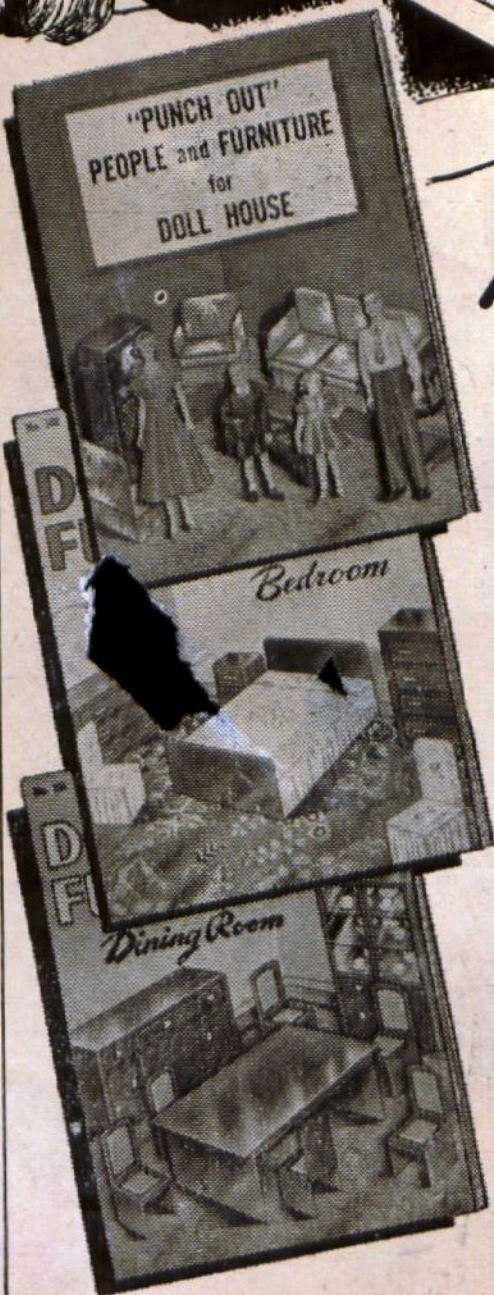
- ☐ Send me C.O.D. the Doll's House: Dining Room, Living Room and Bedroom. I will pay the Postman \$1.00 plus Postage on delivery.
- ☐ Send also the Doll's House Kitchen - 35c. extra.

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- ☐ If you enclose remittance in full with this coupon we will prepay all delivery charges.



HANDS of DEATH

FOR GENERATIONS A HORROR LURKED UNDER THE ROOF OF THE DRAKE HOUSEHOLD AND BY SHEER ACCIDENT IT WAS RELEASED TO GO ABOUT SEEKING AN ANCIENT REVENGE...

HONEY, IF YOU MUST GIVE ALL OF YOUR TIME TO THAT SORT OF STUFF, AT LEAST TRY TO PICK ON A DECENT SUBJECT!

OH, BOB, NOW YOU'VE TAKEN ALL THE JOY OUT OF DOING THIS CHAIR!

DARN IT! WELL, I'LL SHOW HIM! I'LL FIND SOMETHING UP IN THE ATTIC TO WORK ON! WHEN HE COMES HOME TONIGHT, I'LL SURPRISE HIM!

MOLLY DRAKE WAS EVER SO BUSY WITH HER LATEST HOBBY—REJUVENATING DISCARDED FURNITURE, AND HER HUSBAND'S HOMESTEAD OFFERED PLENTY OF MATERIAL FOR HER TO WORK ON...





MOLLY FELL BACK IN SHEER HORROR...
BENEATH THE PAINT, ENTOMBED IN THE
GLASS WAS A CLAW-LIKE HAND
DANGLING FROM A GNARLED ARM...

NO...
NO!

IT'S M-MOVING! REACHING!
K-REACHING FOR ME!

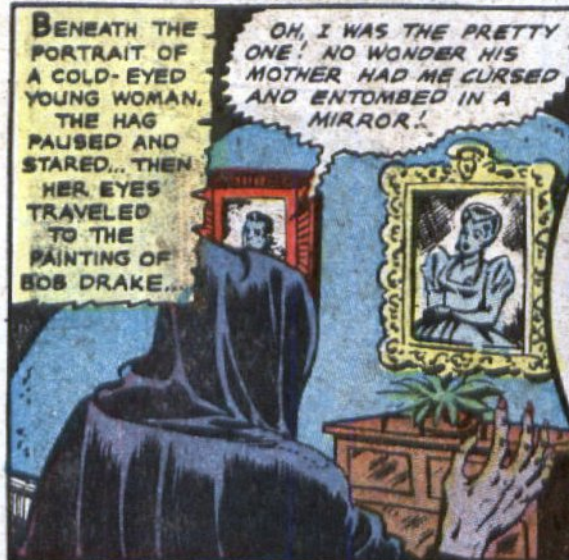
FOOTSTEPS CHARGED
WITH FEAR CARRIED
MOLLY SWIFTLY AWAY
FROM THE THING OF
EVIL...

...AND SHE NEVER WITNESSED ANY
THING MORE INCREDIBLE... THE
HAND WAS FEVERISHLY SCRAPING
AT THE PAINT...

...AND FROM THE EERIE PRISON THERE
SOON STEPPED A WRETCHED,
CHUCKLING FIGURE...

AT LAST!
AT LAST!
I'M FREE!

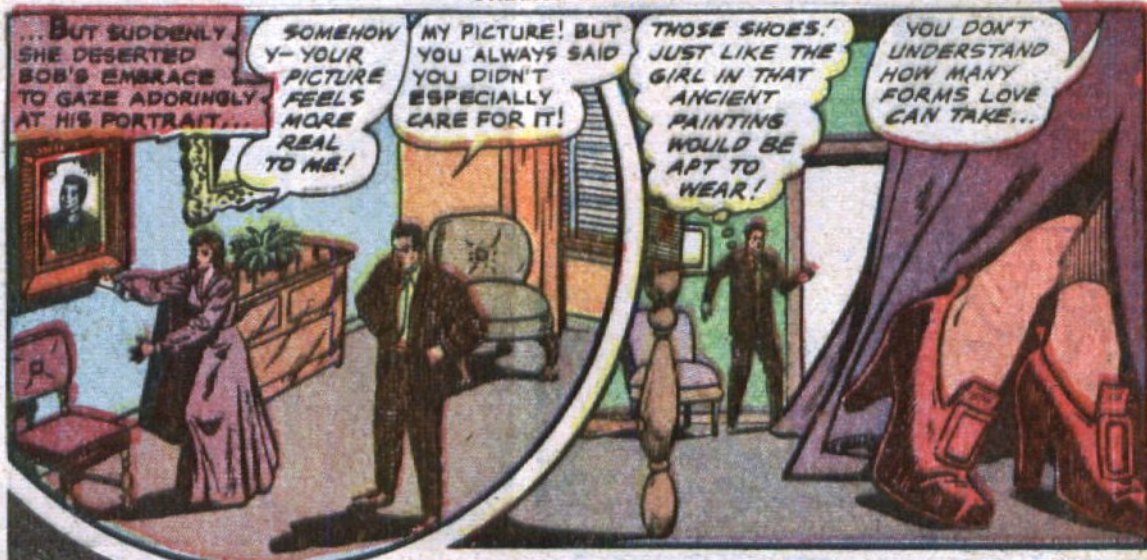
HOW WELL I REMEMBER
THESE STAIRS! IT'S BEEN
A LONG, LONG TIME SINCE
I SAW THEM LAST...
HEE-HEE-HEE!





IN THE SHADOWS BOB WATCHED THE FIGURE HE BELIEVED TO BE HIS WIFE AS SHE HASTILY CROSSED THE ROOM AND CAME INTO HIS ARMS...





THE FRANTIC VOICE, THE DEATH-LIKE PALLOR, THE VISE-LIKE GRIP... ALL THESE STRUCK A CHORD IN BOB DRAKE'S HEART AND HE MOVED BACK IN HORROR...



LOVE IS BLIND, BUT IT WAS NOT WITH LOVE THAT BOB SPOKE... THOSE WORDS AND THEIR EFFECT WAS INSTANTANEOUS... BEFORE HIS SHOCKED EYES A FEARFUL TRANSFORMATION TOOK PLACE...



NO, I AM NOT YOUR WIFE, BUT ONCE ONE OF THE DRAKE MEN TURNED AWAY FROM ME AND I SWORE I WOULD RESIST DEATH ITSELF TO WED ANOTHER!

WHAT MADNESS IS THIS? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MOLLY?

THE MOANING IN THE ATTIC!

TOO LATE! I'VE CURSED HER AS ONCE WAS MY LOT! YOU CAN DO NOTHING...



MOLLY! DARLING! TELL ME WHAT TO DO...

PULL, BOB, PULL! I CAN SPEAK AND GET FREE IF YOU JUST HOLD ME...

HIS LOVE RELEASES HER!



STEP BACK, MOLLY! NOW YOU, FIEND, BACK INTO WHATEVER PLACE YOU CAME FROM!

NO... NO... I WILL NEVER RETURN TO THE CURSED VOID... OHHH...



OH, BOB, IT WAS DREADFUL! I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER FIND ME AND I COULDN'T EVEN CRY OUT...

SHE BELONGS TO THE GRIM PAST AND THIS TIME WE'LL MAKE CERTAIN SHE NEVER RETURNS!



WE'LL REMOVE THE PAINTING OF THAT WOMAN FROM OUR HOME FOREVER!

BUT LOOK, BOB! IT'S FADED OFF THE CANVAS! SHE'S GONE... SHE CAN'T EVER COME BACK THIS TIME!

The End

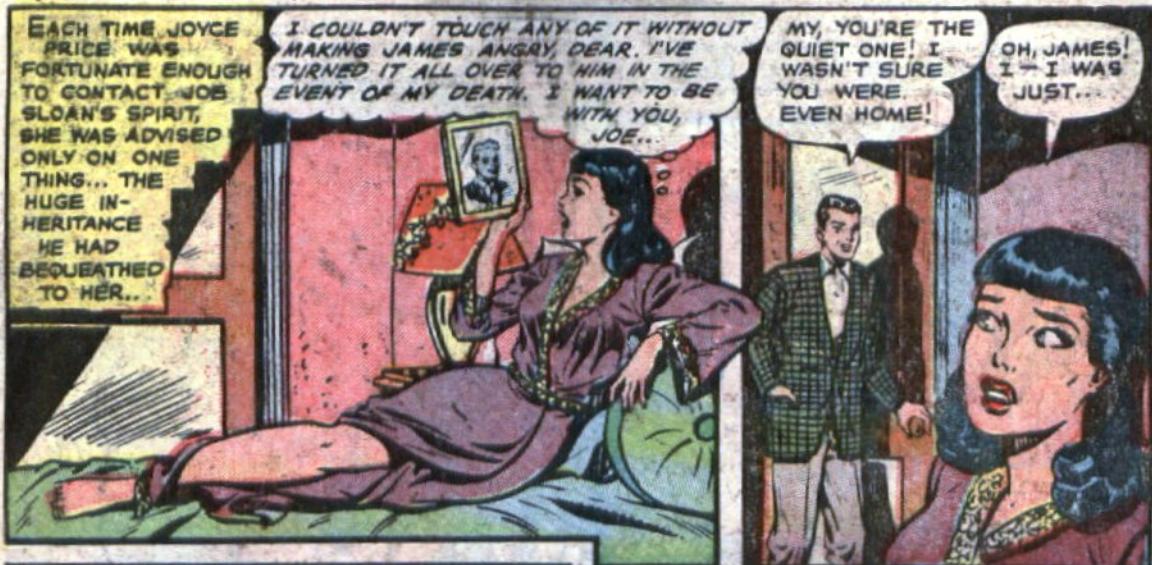
GHOULS Unmasked



HAUNTED WITH LOVE FOR A FORMER HUSBAND, NOT LONG DEAD, MRS. JAMES PRICE DID EVERYTHING WITHIN HER POWER TO REACH HIS SPIRIT... IT IS UNDERSTANDABLE THAT THE GENTLE LADY KEPT SUCH ACTIVITIES A SECRET FROM HER NEW SPOUSE...



STOP BEING AFRAID TO HURT PRICE'S PRIDE, JOYCE! SPEND THE MONEY I LEFT YOU! LIVE... ENJOY YOURSELF...



...POOR WEALTHY LITTLE JOYCE... LIFE FRIGHTENED HER AND DEATH ROBBED HER OF THE MAN SHE REALLY LOVED...

OH, JOE... IF WE COULD ONLY BE TOGETHER AGAIN!

JOE! NO—NO... I'M DREAMING!

FEAR, JOYCE! FEAR OF ME! BUT I THOUGHT YOU LOVED ME...

DON'T YOU WANT TO COME WITH ME? COME, JOYCE... I'LL LEAD YOU...

Y—YOU MEAN YOU WANT ME TO...

YES! OUT ON THE BALCONY! IT WILL ONLY TAKE A FEW MINUTES...

I'M AFRAID TO DIE LIKE THAT! I'M AFRAID TO FALL...

THEN YOU DON'T LOVE ME! I WAS A FOOL TO COME BACK!

JOE! YOU'RE HURTING ME! D—DON'T...

HELP! HELP! SAVE ME! JAMES! HELP!



BREAKING FROM THE CLUTCH OF THE FINGERS THAT MEANT DEATH, JOYCE RAN IN TERROR...

JOE NEVER WAS CRUEL BEFORE!



OH, JAMES... I'VE JUST HAD THE MOST DREADFUL EXPERIENCE!

GOOD GRIEF, JOYCE, I COULDN'T IMAGINE WHAT WAS HAPPENING TO YOU!



YOU HAD A NIGHTMARE, DEAR! NOW JUST RID YOUR MIND OF ALL THAT NONSENSE!



COME ALONG NOW, DARLING! YOU MUST GET YOUR SLEEP!

PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT, JAMES...



THAT RING... WHY DOES THAT RING FRIGHTEN ME?

STOP ACTING LIKE A CHILD NOW, JOYCE. I'LL HELP YOU TO YOUR ROOM...

JAMES PRICE DIDN'T CATCH THE NEW TERROR THAT FLASHED IN HIS WIFE'S EYES, AND WHEN HE LEFT HER IN HER ROOM, HE WAS CONFIDENT THAT SHE HAD BEEN REASSURED AND CALMED...



MY NECK IS MARKED WHERE JOE CLUTCHED AT ME AND THE MARK IS IDENTICAL WITH THE RING JAMES WEARS! T—THEN IT WASN'T JOE!

... ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT, JOYCE TRIED TO REASON WHY JAMES WOULD GO TO SUCH BIZARRE LENGTHS TO FRIGHTEN HER... OR TO KILL HER!

... IF I WERE ONLY CERTAIN... BUT THAT RING...

JAMES, I THINK I'LL TAKE A LITTLE HOLIDAY IN THE COUNTRY! PERHAPS IT WILL HELP MY NERVES...

A SPLENDID IDEA! HAVE IDA PACK FOR YOU THIS AFTERNOON AND I'LL DRIVE YOU TO THE STATION!



WHERE IS MR. PRICE, IDA? I WANT HIM TO HELP ME WITH MY LUGGAGE...

HE'S ON HIS PRIVATE PHONE, MA'M. BUT I'LL GET YOUR THINGS IN THE CAR...



... LATER, AS PRICE DROVE THROUGH THE EARLY DUSK...

JOE! NOW COULD IT BE? BUT IT IS... IT IS!



AND THEN AGAIN, AT THE STATION, JOYCE CHANCED TO GLANCE AT A FELLOW TRAVELER, AND...

JOE AGAIN! MUST BE GOING MAD! HE COULDN'T GET HERE SO FAST!



JOYCE! WHAT'S WRONG?

... TOO MUCH...





WHEN JOYCE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, SHE WAS AGAIN IN HER OWN ROOM...

YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW, MRS. PRICE! YOU'RE SIMPLY IN NEED OF A GOOD REST!

SHE'LL SLEEP NOW, JIM...

THANKS, DOC! I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO IF SOMETHING HAPPENED TO JOYCE!



JOE, JOE! WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME? WHAT IS GOING ON? ARE YOU REALLY WITH ME OR AM I GOING MAD?



I'M WITH YOU, DARLING...

G-GO AWAY! I CAN'T TRUST MY EYES ANYMORE! GO AWAY!



BUT YOU KNOW THIS IS REAL, DARLING...

NO... JAMES!



DID YOU CALL?

OH! THEN IT WASN'T JIM!

I - I WAS JUST WONDERING WHERE YOU WERE, JAMES!



...CONFUSION
CHARGED WITH
ICY FEAR PROVE
JOYCE FROM
HER BED, AND...

GOT TO GET THAT
GUN JOE LEFT...



J—JOE!

PLEASE DON'T BE SO
FRIGHTENED, DARLING!
I'LL SOON BE ABLE TO
TAKE CARE OF YOU
FOREVER!



I DON'T BELIEVE
YOU! I DON'T BELIEVE
ANYTHING ANYMORE!

NOW LEAVE MY
ROOM BEFORE
I KILL YOU!

JOYCE...
POOR
LITTLE
JOYCE!



WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
WITH THAT
GUN, DEAR?

GUNS CAN BE MIGHTY
DANGEROUS, DEAR!

YOU WOULDN'T
HURT YOUR
PRECIOUS JOE,
WOULD YOU,
JOYCE?

REMEMBER
YOU LOVE ME,
JOYCE!

I'VE
GONE
MAD!

WHAT
ARE YOU
STARING
AT, JOYCE?



PANIC TORE AT JOYCE'S HEART AS SHE FACED THE GROUP OF MEN... ONE WAS JOE, OF THAT SHE WAS CERTAIN... BUT WHICH ONE?

YOU SHOULD KNOW YOUR OWN BELOVED HUSBAND, SHOULDN'T YOU, DARLING?

I DO! I ALWAYS LOVED JOE! I KNOW HIM... I'M JUST SO CONFUSED...



JOE! HELP ME... HELP ME... OHH...

RIGHT THROUGH THE HEART!

IT WAS OVER AS QUICK AS THAT! AS JOYCE THREW HERSELF INTO THE ARMS OF THE ONE SHE BELIEVED TO BE JOE SLOAN, THE GUN WAS TURNED AGAINST HER AND THE TRIGGER WAS PRESSED...

DARLING! IT'S BEEN SUCH A LONG, LONELY WAIT...

JOE, DARLING... I FEEL SO STRANGE... SO LIGHT AND WONDERFUL!

SHE'S DEAD!



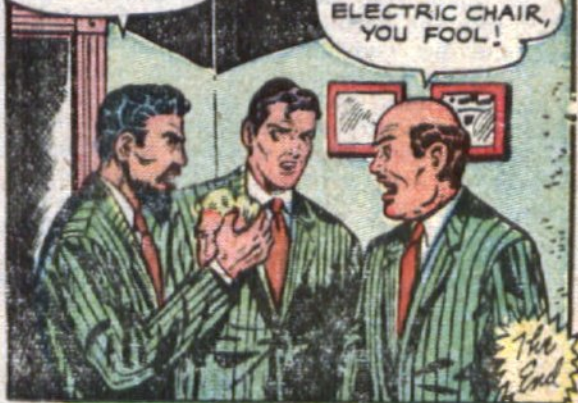
IT WAS MEANT TO BE THIS WAY, DEAR! DON'T BOTHER TO LOOK BACK. JAMES KILLED YOU! HE PLOTTED IT ALL OUT VERY CAREFULLY TO GET THE MONEY I LEFT TO YOU... THEY DIDN'T EVEN KNOW I WAS RIGHT THERE WITH THEM!

THEN THAT'S MY BODY BACK THERE! AND LISTEN TO HOW THEY ARGUE ABOUT ME!

YOU AND YOUR PHONY MASQUERADE, PRICE! YOU SAID WE WERE SUPPOSED TO SCARE HER, THEN YOU END UP SHOOTING HER!

I'D NEVER GET AS GOOD A CHANCE AS THAT AGAIN!

THE ONLY CHANCE WE'VE ALL GOT NOW IS THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, YOU FOOL!



The End

REVENGE IN MINIATURE

IT ISN'T often that a cop will let a case go as unsolved when he knows who the killer is. When, by simply opening his mouth and explaining, he could move the case into the 'Closed' file. But it does happen now and again. Bat Dugan could tell you all about that, because it happened to him. But Bat isn't talking. Bat is not a man who likes to be laughed at.

They called him Bat because he was the toughest dick on the Homicide Squad. To all killers, suspected or proven, his words were: "Talk or I'll bat you one." And he usually did. Hence the name.

It was a screwy case from the very beginning. There was this actor, this ventriloquist, the Great Marvo. He was getting along in years, Marvo was, and had never been any great shakes. Always playing the tank towns, the cheap four-a-day houses in towns nobody ever heard of. He had two dummies, or puppets, a boy and a girl. The boy puppet was called Herbert and the girl was Alicia. Marvo would balance them on his knee and they would talk, to the audience and to him, and to each other. The gimmick was that they were supposed to be in love. Very much in love. Sometimes they acted as though they were married and Marvo would play it for laughs, making them fight and then make up. You know the sort of stuff.

Bat happened to be in Millville the day Marvo decided to change his act. Someone had told him that it was corny, or he was tired of having to work so hard at being two puppets, or something. Anyway he decided to do away with Alicia. Bat was in the audience, having come to Millville to pick up a forger that was wanted back in the big town. As cops have a way of doing, he had gotten a free ticket to the show. He didn't like the acrobats, or the performing dogs, but he was interested when Marvo came on. Maybe because the stage was set up like a funeral parlor. There was a little casket in the center of the stage, and in this was the puppet Alicia, dressed in a long black gown. A little creepy, Bat thought, for a show that was supposed to make people laugh, but just different enough to be promising. He settled down to watch Marvo.

The guy was a good ventriloquist. You

could barely see his lips tremble as he made the puppet Herbert talk. Marvo first took Herbert on his knee and they faced the audience.

"This is a sad day," Marvo said. "Your poor wife is dead."

The puppet seemed to answer in a high, squeaky voice. "Yes, poor dear. I loved her so."

Marvo laughed. "Don't give me that. You loved her! You used to beat her up every night when I put you two in the trunk. Now you tell me you loved her?"

Bat looked around, a little puzzled. He saw that other folks were puzzled too. They weren't sure if they were supposed to laugh or not. Maybe, Bat figured, it will get funny after a time.

THE PUPPET was talking again, in his high voice. Bat felt a shiver trace up his spine as he listened. He began to wonder how come a guy like Marvo had remained in the tank circuits. He was good. Really good. His lips were not moving at all now, and there was something, a quality of anguish in his voice, that made Bat's insides tighten up. If he hadn't known better he would have sworn that the puppet was really doing the talking.

"I did love her," the puppet Herbert said. "I wouldn't hurt her, you know that, Marvo. Besides, you killed her. You, Marvo!"

A look of comic surprise came over Marvo's face. "Me, Herbert? Why, you crazy hunk of pine! How can you say that? Haven't I always treated you well? Haven't you always had everything you wanted? Good clothes, and all the sawdust you needed for stuffing? Have I ever stinted on anything for you?"

The puppet wagged his head back and forth. "Just the same you killed her, Marvo. I saw you do it. You should be punished. You should be killed too."

Bat wasn't quite sure where the lump of ice had come from. He only knew that it was pressing against his spine. He looked around again at the crowd and saw that they were stirring uneasily. Bat thought, crazily enough, that they were all in sympathy with the puppet. Just as he was. Yes, this Marvo was good. Marvo was more than

good, he was marvelous to make you care that much about a puppet.

Marvo was laughing again now. "Well," he said, "I'll tell you something, since you feel that way. I don't want to speak this way, but you're forcing me to do it. I peeked into the trunk last night, when you thought I was asleep, and I saw you strangle her. I saw you strangle Alicia. Poor girl! There she lies in her coffin, and you put her there. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Liar!"

Bat went a foot out of his chair. So did everyone else. The puppet's voice was so real, so full of misery and grief—and hate. He was standing on Marvo's knee now, swinging his little dummy arms at the actor. And he was screaming at the top of his freakish, high voice.

"Liar! You killed her. Last night, before you put us away. You twisted off her head and broke her back. You killed her. You did—you did..."

Bat watched as the little puppet tried to get at Marvo. The actor was standing now, holding the puppet away from him, and pretending to fight back. One of the puppet's arms flailed up and around the actor's neck, again and again.

"Liar," the puppet screamed again. "You killed Alicia. And I'll kill you!"

Bat was never real sure what happened then. He knew that Marvo got a funny expression on his face. His mouth opened and he acted as though he was trying to throw the puppet from him. But the puppet seemed to hang on, to keep flailing at the man. All the time this was happening the puppet was yelling and screaming, calling Marvo a murderer. Folks near Bat were saying how wonderful the man was to throw his voice like that with his mouth wide open...

MARVO screamed then. A long scream of terror, as though he had seen something only devils knew about, and he slumped down onto the stage. His head lay in the trench where the footlights glowed, and the puppet Herbert sprawled where he dropped, his silly face grinning out at the audience.

Bat was on his feet by then, heading for the stage. It wasn't his jurisdiction, or his case, but something drove him on. The audience, after a moment of stunned silence, came to life. Excited voices were heard. Bat climbed the stairs at the corner of the stage and went over to look down at Marvo. He saw at a glance that the ventriloquist was dead. The back of his neck was covered with

little red marks, oozing blood, like tiny pin pricks or bites of some sort. Something, Bat never knew what, made him reach down and pick up the puppet. It was limp in his hands, the painted face grimacing at him, and from a spot on the breast Bat saw that sawdust was leaking. About where the heart would have been on a human being...

The case was screwy, as has been said. Bat flashed his badge and hung around while they stopped the show long enough to remove the body of Marvo. They took it to the dressing room and covered it. Pretty soon the police surgeon came and he showed them all that had happened. After an examination he took a sharp needle out of the back of Marvo's neck, just at the base of the brain.

"Accident," he said. "Funny one, too. That puppet must have had a needle stuck in his hand or something. Anyway, when Marvo started that fake fight and the puppet tried to hit back, Marvo got the needle in the one place it would kill him." The surgeon looked at the stage manager. "That's right, what you told me about the fight?"

The manager looked around at them. At the cops, and the surgeon, and at Bat. He nodded. "Yes, must have been that way. But how the needle got there we'll never know, I suppose. One thing I know—that Marvo had been acting strangely of late."

Bat stuck in his oar for the first time. "Strange, you say? How do you mean?"

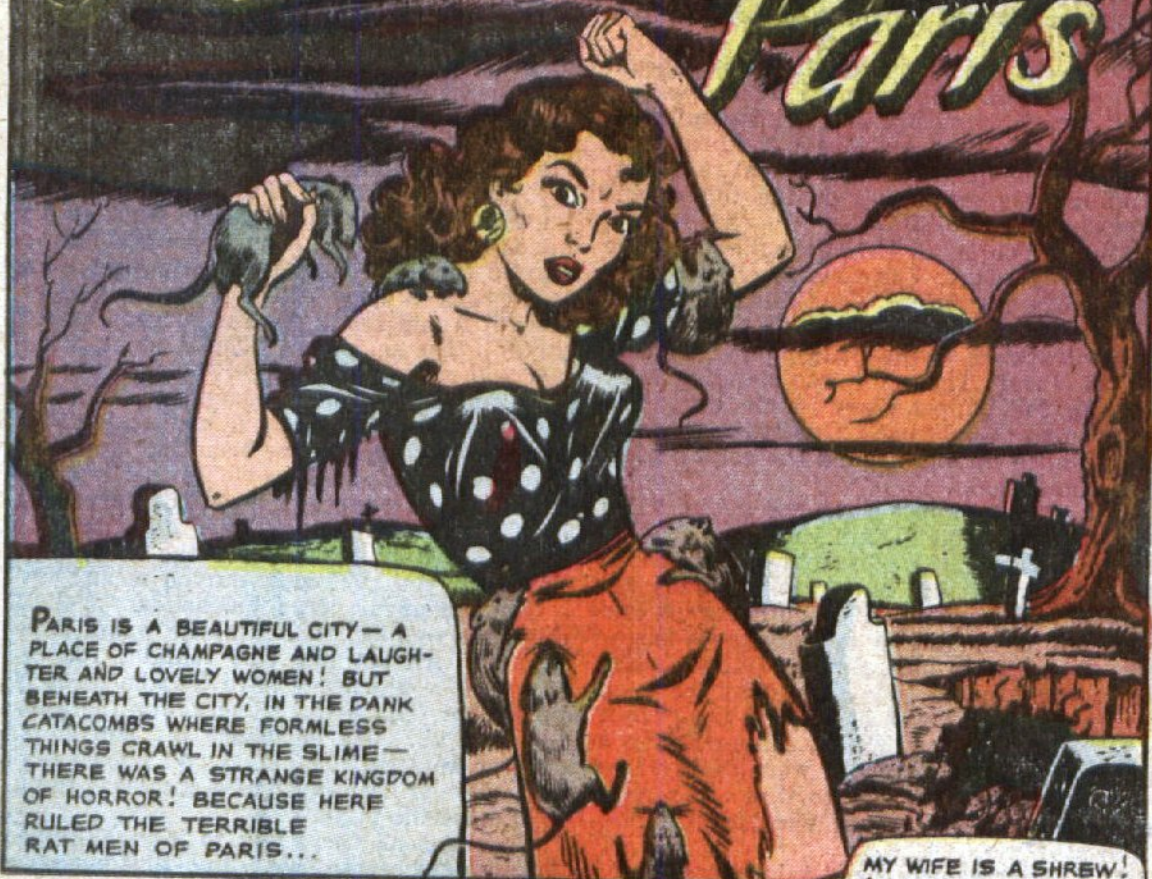
The manager spread his hands. "Well, I might as well say it. I think he was a little insane? An act like this tonight, for instance, I would never have let him do it if I'd known. That—that funeral for the puppet and all." He shrugged his shoulders. "Marvo was getting along, you know. And he had never been much of a success. I think it affected his mind."

That was all there was to it in Millville. An accident of the freak type that happens all the time. Bat went back to the big town without saying anything about the girl puppet, about how he'd looked in the little coffin and found that her legs and back had been smashed. Not just taken apart, but crushed. He didn't say anything about the silly grin on the puppet Herbert's face, either, or how it had seemed to change for just an instant when he looked at it.

Bat tried to forget the way Marvo had screamed just before he died, as though he was seeing something that nobody else had ever seen.

He didn't forget. He never forgot. But he never talked either. As we've said, Bat wasn't a man that liked to be laughed at.

RAT MEN of Paris



PARIS IS A BEAUTIFUL CITY—A PLACE OF CHAMPAGNE AND LAUGHTER AND LOVELY WOMEN! BUT BENEATH THE CITY, IN THE DARK CATACOMBS WHERE FORMLESS THINGS CRAWL IN THE SLIME—THERE WAS A STRANGE KINGDOM OF HORROR! BECAUSE HERE RULED THE TERRIBLE RAT MEN OF PARIS...

ANGRY VOICES SHATTER THE MORNING QUIET OF PARIS...

GET OUT, FOOL! WORTHLESS PIG! YOU—YOU GRAVE DIGGER! YOU WILL NEVER AMOUNT TO ANYTHING!

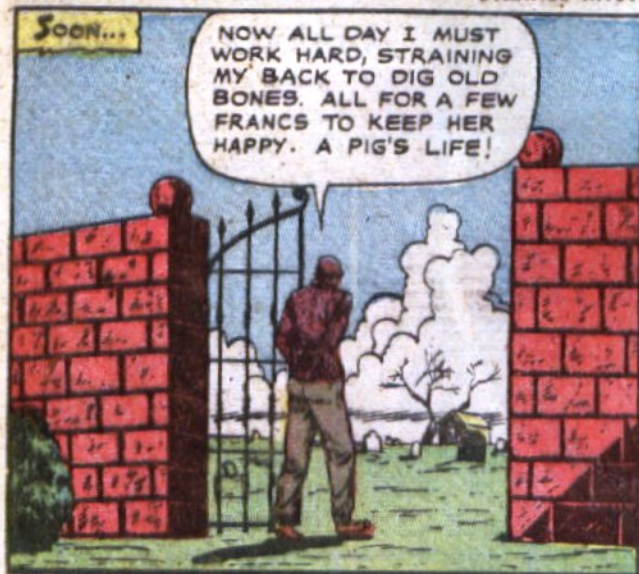
I GO, WOMAN! WITHOUT MY BREAKFAST! PERHAPS I WILL NEVER RETURN. THEN YOU WILL BE SORRY!

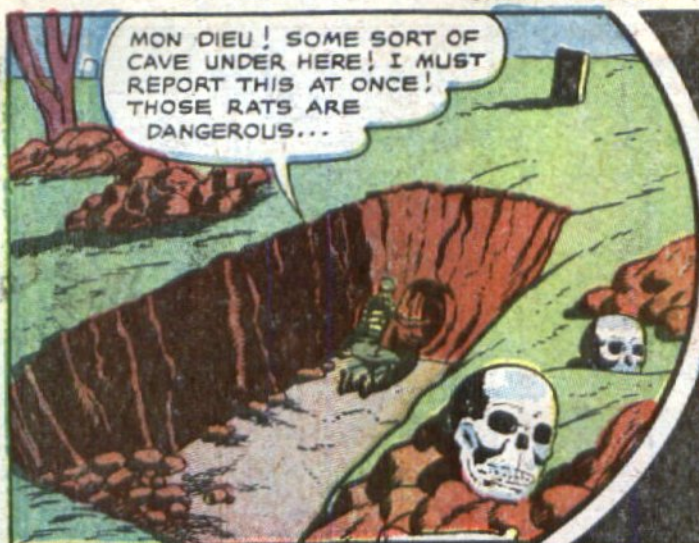
LATER AS ANDRE MALLUX HAS BREAKFAST WITH A FRIEND...

MY WIFE IS A SHREW! WORSE, A SNOB! BECAUSE I DIG GRAVES SHE LOOKS DOWN ON ME!

SACRE BLEU—DON'T I KNOW THEM! AN HONEST WORKING MAN IS NOT GOOD ENOUGH!







MON DIEU! SOME SORT OF CAVE UNDER HERE! I MUST REPORT THIS AT ONCE! THOSE RATS ARE DANGEROUS...



YAAAAAAAAAAAAA...



ANDRE IS DRAGGED INTO A CAVERN AND SEES SOMETHING THAT TURNS HIS BLOOD TO ICE...

NO—LET ME GO! WHO—WHAT ARE YOU? HELP...

BE QUIET, INTRUDER!

SAVE YOUR SCREAMS FOR THE TIME OF DYING!



AN INTRUDER, LORD! HE WAS SPYING!

NO! LET ME GO! I WASN'T!

SLAY HIM THEN!



PLEASE! DON'T—

YOU HEARD THE ORDER, FOOL!



WAIT! THE QUEEN WILL BE ANGRY IF SHE DOES NOT SEE THIS MAN FROM ABOVE! TAKE HIM TO HER—AND LATER WE SHALL SLAY HIM.





THE
TERRIFIED
ANDRE
IS BOUND
TO A
CURIOUS
ALTAR...

SO, FOOL! YOU
SCORN ME! I
WILL GIVE YOU
CAUSE TO FEAR.

NO— PLEASE!
DO NOT KILL
ME! LET
ME GO!



READY, YOUR MAJESTY! WE
WILL LET OUR LITTLE
BROTHERS HAVE A
FEAST TODAY!



NO— NOT THE RATS! I'LL DO
ANYTHING! ANYTHING!

THAT IS
BETTER! YOU
SHALL LIVE FOR
A TIME— AS LONG
AS YOU AMUSE
ME!

SO FOR
THE NEXT
FEW DAYS...

HURRY
WITH MY
FOOD!

Y— YES,
YOUR
MAJESTY!



REMEMBER THAT YOU ONLY LIVE
AS LONG AS I AM AMUSED! NOW
TELL ME MORE OF THE WAYS OF
YOUR PEOPLE!

YES!



THE EARTH MAN HAS
SPOILED EVERYTHING!
THE QUEEN HAS HAD NO
TIME FOR ME SINCE HE
CAME! STILL I DARE
NOT SLAY HIM...

SEVERAL
DAYS
LATER
WHILE
THE
QUEEN
IS
ABSENT...

I'LL HELP YOU ESCAPE, STRANGER, BECAUSE I WANT THE QUEEN FOR MYSELF! WE MUST HURRY!

ANYTHING TO GET OUT OF THIS NIGHTMARE!

THIS WAY! YOU MUST LEAVE THE SAME WAY YOU ENTERED!

MON DIEU! I AM HURRYING!



SUDDENLY...

A TRAP! RUN, STRANGER!

I WON'T GO BACK! I'LL DIE FIRST!

KILL THE TRAITOR!

GET THEM!



YOU DIE FOR TREACHERY!

YOU BETRAYED OUR QUEEN!

AHHHHHHH...



THE GRAVE MUST BE THIS WAY!



HERE — THE WAY I CAME IN! NOW IF I CAN JUST...

HE ESCAPES!

THE QUEEN WILL BE ANGRY WITH US!





HELP IS SUMMONED AND SOON...

BE READY, MY
BRAVE FELLOWS!
WE WILL GAS
THEM OUT!

OUI — THE POISON
GAS WILL BRING THEM
OUT OF THEIR HOLES!

THIRTY YEARS
A GENDARME—
BUT NEVER
HAVE I SEEN
THE LIKE OF
THIS.

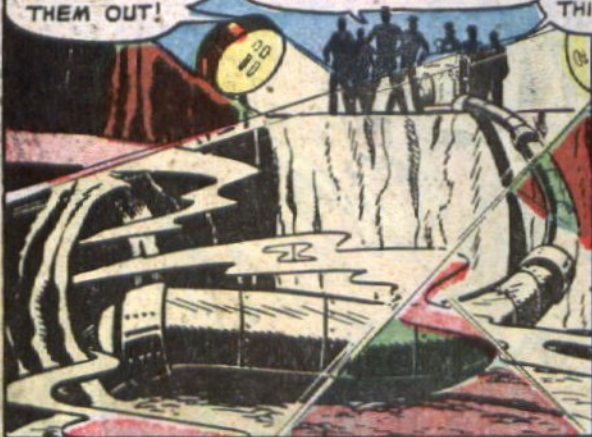
THE DEADLY GAS HISSES INTO
THE UNDERGROUND CAVERNS—
AND THEN...

GAAAAAA—
KILL!

LE BON
DIEU PROTECT
US — THIS
IS NOT
POSSIBLE!

OUR
THROATS
BURN —
WE DIE!

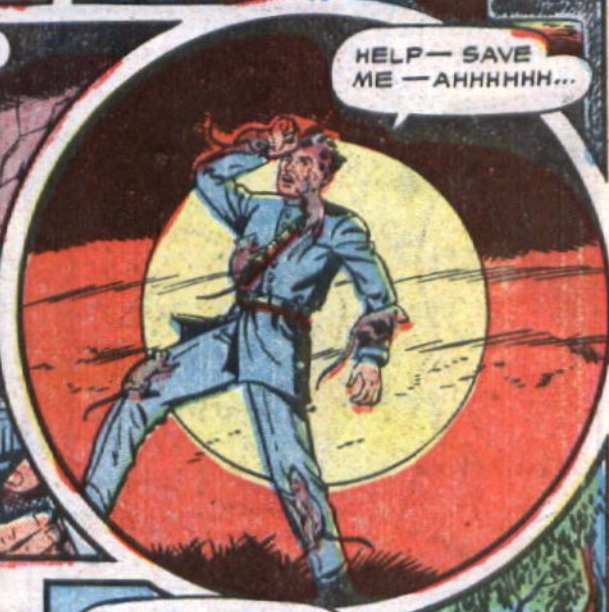
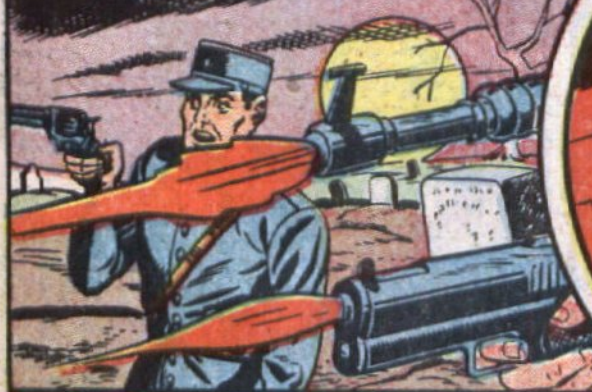
SEE!
THEY
COME OUT!
FIRE—FIRE!



HUNDREDS
OF THEM—
SLIMY RATS!

WE NEED MORE
AMMUNITION!

HELP — SAVE
ME — AHHHHHH...



FOOLS — YOU
DEFY THE QUEEN
OF RATS! DIE —
DIE!

SHOOT!

AGGGGGGGGGG...

UGH!

WE'VE
KILLED
HER!

RATS!
THEY
WANT TO
CONQUER
PARIS!





HURRY WITH THOSE BANDAGES! THOSE SLIMY CREATURES BIT ME A TIME OR TWO. I MIGHT BE POISONED!

POOR, ANDRE! WHAT AN EXPERIENCE! YOU ARE LUCKY TO HAVE YOUR SANITY!

AND THEN...

ANDRE! Y-YOUR HANDS! LIKE-LIKE THOSE CREATURES!



NO—KEEP AWAY FROM ME!

I FEEL SO DIFFERENT! SO POWERFUL! STRONG! THE BITES MUST HAVE DONE IT. COME HERE, MY DEAR!



WITH THE SWOONING WOMAN IN HIS ARMS...

I SEEM TO HEAR VOICES TELLING ME WHAT I MUST DO! GO, RETURN TO THE CAVERNS! THE RACE OF RATMEN MUST NOT DIE!



SOON...

NOW TO FIND A GRAVE AND ESCAPE BELOW! SOON MY WIFE WILL BE AS I AM! YES—I SEE IT NOW! WE WILL BREED A NEW RACE OF RATMEN!



BEWARE, YOU HUMANS! THE RATS ARE GOING TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD! WE CAN WAIT, BIDE OUR TIME! BUT THE DAY OF THE RATS WILL COME! YOU'LL SEE—

The End!

TERROR'S PRISONER

...IT WAS A BRUTAL EXPERIMENT IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE, BUT THE RESULT WAS THE MOST SHOCKING THING YOU'VE EVER READ!



AS DOCTOR KRASS DROVE ALONG THE LONELY MOUNTAIN ROAD, HIS THOUGHTS WOULD MAKE A STRONG MAN SHUDDER...

WHAT LUCK! A HITCH-HIKER! JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

HOW ABOUT A LIFT, MISTER?

I'VE BEEN STANDING HERE A LONG TIME... I'D APPRECIATE A RIDE INTO TOWN...

WHY, CERTAINLY! CLIMB IN. GLAD TO HELP YOU OUT!





A FEW MILES DOWN THE ROAD THE DOCTOR SLOWED HIS CAR TO A STOP... THE STRANGER LOOKED AT HIM...

I THINK I'VE GOT A FLAT! I'M NOT SO GOOD AT MECHANICS... WORSE LUCK!

LET ME GIVE YOU A HAND, I'VE CHANGED MANY A TIRE!



THIS'LL BE FIXED IN A FEW SECONDS!

I'M CERTAIN IT WILL AND I WANT YOU TO KNOW I'M VERY GRATEFUL TO YOU!



OH HH...

VERY GRATEFUL, INDEED! AND I CERTAINLY HOPE I HAVEN'T INJURED YOUR BRAIN WITH THAT BLOW!



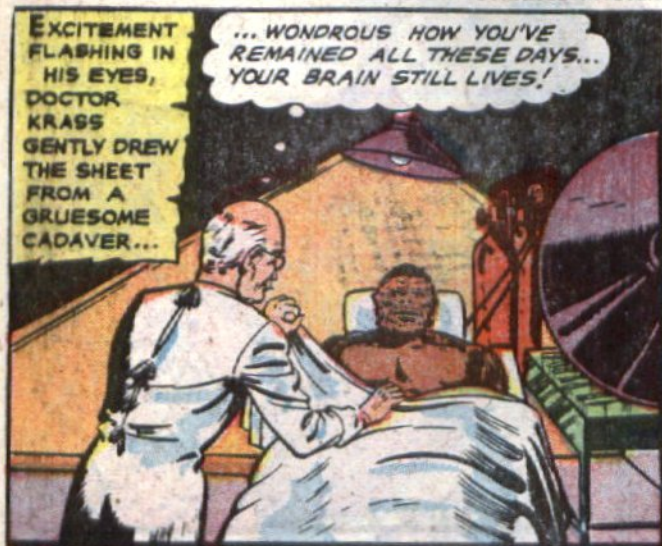
... IT'S VITALLY IMPORTANT TO ME! OF COURSE YOU'LL BE PROPERLY DISPOSED OF SHORTLY AND WITH EQUAL SPEED! ARSENIC IS TIDY AND FAST...



HERE WE ARE! MY, IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE I'VE DRIVEN AT THIS RATE OF SPEED! VERY EXHILARATING!



...AND NOW THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF MY CAREER! THIS, MY FRIENDS, IS THE GREATEST EXPERIMENT OF THE CENTURY! YOU SHOULD BE PROUD TO PARTICIPATE IN IT WITH ME!



EXCITEMENT
FLASHING IN
HIS EYES,
DOCTOR
KRASS
GENTLY DREW
THE SHEET
FROM A
GRUESOME
CADAVER...

... WONDROUS HOW YOU'VE
REMAINED ALL THESE DAYS...
YOUR BRAIN STILL LIVES!



DADDY, YOUR MEAL! AND
PLEASE EAT IT ALL... YOU
WORK SO HARD, I'M
WORRIED.



NEVER FELT
HEALTHIER, CHILD...
OR HAPPIER! THANK
YOU, MARGARET...
NOW GO AWAY...

GO AWAY! BUT I KNOW
YOU FORBID ME IN THE
LABORATORY! I WASN'T
GOING TO ASK YOU
AGAIN, FATHER!

THE MEAL
WAS
UNTOUCHED...
DOCTOR
KRASS HAD
OTHER
DESIRES...
QUICKLY HE
DONNED
HIS
SURGICAL
GOWN AND
TURNED
ALL HIS
ATTENTION
TO HIS
FIENDISH
WORK...



COME NOW, FRIEND!
YOU LIVE... I WANT YOU
TO RETURN TO
CONSCIOUSNESS!



GOOD! EXCELLENT!
A COMPLETE
SUCCESS!

W-WHAT'S
HAPPENED?
WHERE
AM I?



MY HANDS! THE LAST
I REMEMBER I WAS
CHANGING A TIRE WITH
MY HANDS AND THEY
WERE COLD...

NOT COLD NOW, EH,
FELLOW? NICE WARM
APE BLOOD RUNS
THROUGH YOUR
VEINS!

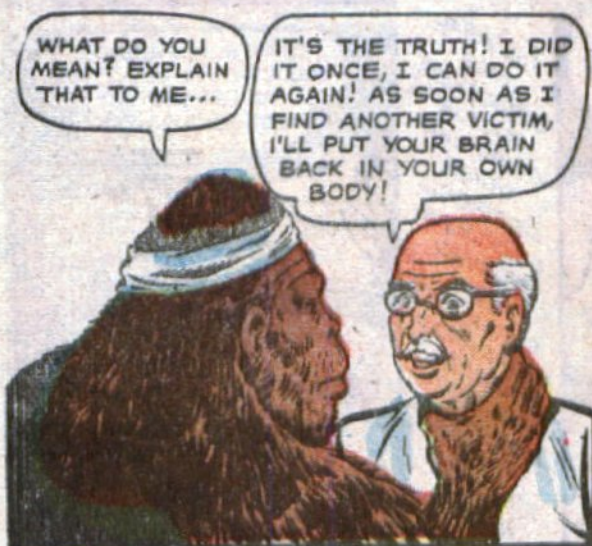


WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME? BRING ME BACK TO WHAT I WAS, OR I'LL THROTTLE YOU!

I SAY, NO NEED FOR VIOLENCE!

I'LL KILL YOU!

IF YOU DO, YOU'LL NEVER GET ANOTHER BODY! A MAN'S BODY, FOOL!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN? EXPLAIN THAT TO ME...

IT'S THE TRUTH! I DID IT ONCE, I CAN DO IT AGAIN! AS SOON AS I FIND ANOTHER VICTIM, I'LL PUT YOUR BRAIN BACK IN YOUR OWN BODY!



YOU MUST BE PATIENT... IF YOU WANT YOUR OWN LIFE BACK...

I'M TRAPPED! THERE IS NO OTHER WAY, BUT TO DO IT YOUR WAY...

THE DIE WAS CAST AND THE STRANGE ASSOCIATION BEGAN... RESENTMENT GLOWED IN THE APE-MAN'S EYES AS TIME PASSED AND HE SEEMED NO CLOSER TO FREEDOM FROM HIS FRIGHTFUL CONDITION...

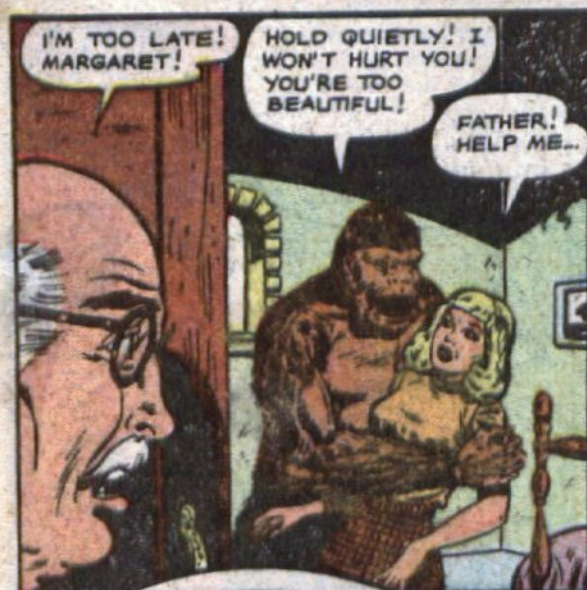
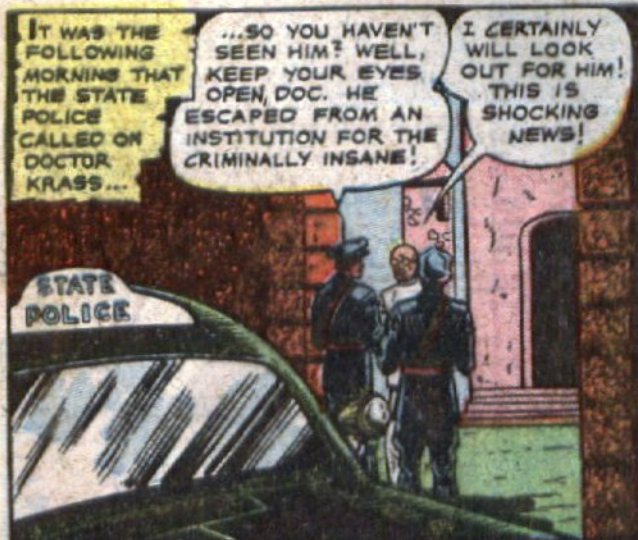


YOU AREN'T KEEPING YOUR PROMISE! SOMETHING **MUST** HAPPEN... AND QUICK!

YOU ARE RIGHT... IT'S COMPLICATED THIS WAY...



MARGARET IS GROWING CURIOUS PREPARING MEALS FOR TWO... TOO BAD I CAN'T RELEASE THE NEWS OF THIS EXPERIMENT!





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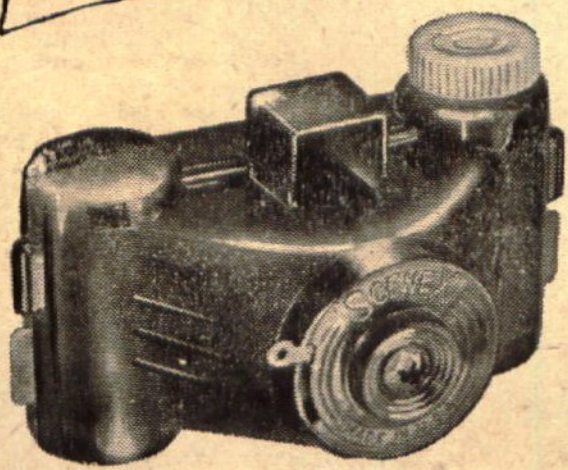
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